

Our Own Demons

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Summary: Before meeting Usagi, each scout had their own trauma/pain to deal with. Four short stories about Ami, Rei, Makoto and Minako.

## 1. Ami-Solitude

**\*\*Chapter 1-Ami and Solitude\*\***

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><p>I stood on the bridge, alone. I stared down at the still water down below. The surface was calm but the under current was turbulent. Storm clouds gathered overhead and lightning flashed through the sky. Rain started to come down. Soft at first, then increased in intensity. I stretched out my arms and hugged the rain.<p>

Ami Mizuno. That name was revered and feared at my school. No one could beat my scores in years. People envied and hated me. As if my high scores were there to reflect on their failures. I didn't mean to, really.

Even the teachers didn't know what to do with me. In the early years, they would give me higher grade curriculums to keep me interested. Now in high school, they felt that there was nothing they could teach me anymore. So, they tried to forget me.

Loneliness was a funny thing. At first, it was painful. Excruciating almost. Humans were inherently social beings and I craved some kind of connection with just about anybody. I tried to be less shy. I tried to be more approachable. However, it was hard for people to get over their first impression of me. The snobby one. The genius girl. The cheater. So, over time, I stopped trying.

By the time I was in Grade 2, I had gotten used to my loneliness.

Like a parasitic twin, it became part of my identity. It was then that I found the wonderful world of books. I could feel myself leaving my body and entered the world of fantasy. I would talk to the characters in the books as if they were my old friends.

So, day after day, I spent in solitude. When I returned home, the house would be empty. After a day of not talking to anybody, I would continue my "vow of silence". I understood why my mother was not here more. As a doctor, she had people to save. She regretted it and had let me know many times. I would always smile bravely at her and told her not to worry.

My father left one day, abruptly. He decided he wanted to be a bird flying free in the sky without any attachments. So mom and I mourned his leaving for a little while and then we both carried on. There was no point crying over spilled milk. I blamed him for my sadness at first. Mom used to come home for dinner once in a blue moon, but it got less and less when it was just the two of us. As I got older, I understood his reasons and I appreciated his honesty. Yet, on some days, I just wished he would come back.

After their divorce, I became independent. I couldn't rely on mom because she already had too many people relying on her. I couldn't rely on dad because he wanted to fly free. I couldn't rely on friends because I didn't have any. In the end, I could only trust in myself and my ability to take care of everything.

Solitude. Loneliness. Whatever you called it, it was the one constant in my life. I had gotten so numb that I didn't feel the pain anymore. I had believed that my life would continue to be this way and I made my peace with it.

I was that frog that got stuck at the bottom of the well. Looking up, I could only see a slice of the sky. Void of interactions, the well was my entire world. Until one day, a strange girl named Usagi showed up and she threw me a rope. Hesitant and untrusting, I batted the rope away at first. The well was comfortable; I didn't want to know what I was missing. Her giant heart eventually melted my icy exterior. So, with a leap of faith, I grabbed onto that rope and I was pulled out. The world turned out to be much bigger than I imagine. The world turned out to have people like Usagi.

Hope penetrated my heart and slew the demon. Just like that, I was free.

## 2. Rei the Freak

**\*\*Chapter 2-Rei the Freak\*\***

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><p>The fire crackled; the warmth radiated from within and spread. I sat and stared at the familiar flame. Sometimes the fire would roar, but today it was gentle. No misfortune to foretell. No death to prevent. My pet crows Phobos and Deimos stood by quietly, keeping me company.<p>

For the first five years of my life, I was a normal, happy little girl. Mom was still alive back then. We would visit Grandpa at the

shrine often, and then we would go out shopping or have a fancy dinner after. It was then when Dad started his political career. All of a sudden, the whole family was shoved into the spotlight. "You have to be the best you can be, Rei," dad instructed.

When mom was dying in the hospital, we waited for dad to show up. Mom was in so much pain but she held on, hoping to see the man she loved one last time. In the end, he never showed. That was when I realized, men could not be trusted.

When I was growing up, I was very much influenced by my grandpa. My dream to become a shrine maiden started early. When my visions started, Grandpa was so proud of me. I would do the fire readings and Grandpa would be beside me, providing guidance and encouragement.

I found out the hard way that it wasn't well received by ordinary folks. Once, my fortune telling predicted that my best friend's mother would have an accident soon, so I rushed over to warn them. They laughed and said it was my imagination. The next day, my prediction came true. My friend's mother was seriously injured and was rushed to the emergency room. I went to the hospital to visit but they refused to see me. Over time, my friendship with that girl disappeared.

At first, I didn't make the connection. I thought maybe we just outgrew our friendship at that point. I continued to get visions and I would run out and warn people. Slowly, people started to avoid me like a plague. I was associated with misfortunes and death. I became the bringer of death.

Over time, my strained relationship with my dad reached a breaking point and I moved in with Grandpa at the shrine. At the new school, I learned to hide the freak part of myself. Usually outspoken, I became cautious. I managed to have some friends at school, but I kept my real self hidden.

My pet crows became my best friends. I shared all my happiness and sadness with them and they would never judge. Then one day, a classmate came to visit me at the shrine and found out about the crows. The rumors spread faster than fire and once again, I lost all of my "friends" at school.

"That girl is bad luck, she has pet crows and she talks to them."  
"What a freak." "She is death." "Don't look at her eyes; she will bring death to your house." I walked through the school the next day and I could hear all the whispers from my classmates. I held my head high and pretended not to care.

So I spent as little time as possible at school, then I would rush back to the shrine, where I would feel comfortable to be myself. It was lonely at times, but it was fine. Being removed from people also meant fewer visions. I wouldn't be tormented by images of horrible accidents and deaths.

Until one day, a strange girl named Usagi showed up, along with her talking cat Luna. I became Sailor Mars. For once, my freakishness was not feared but was needed. With them, I didn't need to hide any part of myself. So, I emerged from my protective armor and allowed myself to be lovedâ€¦|

### 3. Makoto-Wrath

#### \*\*Chapter 3-Makato and Wrath\*\*

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><p>It was New Year's eve. The street was buzzing with excitements, as family and friends gathered up to celebrate the upcoming year. Restaurants were packed, so were the streets. The joy of the holiday was thick in the air.<p>

I wandered the street alone, disappearing myself in the crowds. Just like every year since my parents death, I welcomed the new year all by myself.

When I was little, I grew up in a loving home. Mama would bake yummy cookies for me and read me stories at night. Papa would take me out to catch butterflies and take me to flower gardens. I was such a happy child. Then one day, papa bought tickets for a getaway vacation. The three of us boarded that cursed plane and life was never the same after.

When I woke in the hospital, I was all alone. A nice lady came and told me the news. There was a plane crash. A lot of people died, including my parents. I was the sole survivor.

The next day, my father's estranged sister came and picked me up. "You would live with us for now. But you have to behave, because my husband didn't want another child." My aunt bluntly told me that day. I felt like I was plucked from heaven and being thrust into hell from that point on. My cousins were brutally mean to me and would always try to get me into trouble. Thanks to them, I learned how to defend myself.

One day, my aunt's husband finally had enough. "That girl is trouble. I don't want her in my house." He made up his mind and there was nothing my aunt could've done. Before leaving though, I remembered throwing a chair through a window.

Slowly, anger started to poison my heart. I was angry at my parents for dying. I was angry to be alive. I was angry why my aunt couldn't protect me more. I was angry I was weak.

For the following year, I was placed in various foster homes. Bounced around like an unwanted ball, I stopped unpacking my bags. It was pointless. I would stay in one home for a week, and then I was sent to somewhere else. Constantly, I was the new student in different schools. Needless to say, I didn't make any friends.

Then, things turned worse as I continued to battle my PTSD. Of course, I didn't know what it was back then. No one did. It got so bad that one night I woke to someone screaming. When I opened my eyes, I was choking my roommate in the foster home. She heard me having a nightmare and she was merely trying to wake me up. She was trying to help. Instead, I grabbed her and rolled on top of her before I started choking her.

"Extremely unstable child. Tendency for great violence." That line was added to my file. After that incident, no foster family wanted to

take me in. So, I left the system when I was 12. It was probably for the best anyway.

I had always been taller than normal and it came in handy when I became homeless. I was able to take up some part-time jobs, convincing them that I was 16 years old. I made enough money to feed myself and I would just sleep in the park with the rest of the homeless people at night.

One day, some thugs came to the park and started harassing us. They said they would "protect" us if we give them some money. At that time, I was sharing a tent with an old lady. She waddled up to them and asked them politely to leave us be. She gestured to the tent and said that that was all she had. The leader glanced at the old lady and then shoved her violently to the ground.

That day, I came close to killing someone. All the fury inside, all the bottled up rage, they came pouring out in that fight. The thugs were surprised by my attacks and they were easily beaten. When I stood over the leader, he begged for his life. At that point, I didn't care. So I continued to hit and kick him with all my strengths. Blood splattered on my shirt, his bones cracked under my punches and it felt good.

The police came and arrested me, along with the thugs. I was released the next morning when the homeless community came forward and said I was protecting them. After that, I didn't go back to the park. With the money I had saved up, I rented a small apartment.

I became my own family. I learned to cook and sew. I learned to take care of myself. Life continued and I thought this would be it. I knew my anger would get me in trouble one day. Perhaps I would end up in jail. Or I would fight the wrong person and I would get killed. Yet, I didn't know how to contain the wrath that was in my heart.

Until one day, Usagi showed up and I was awakened. I was just waiting for a fight, as I watched three bullies pick on a little girl. I didn't save the girl because I wanted to save the girl. I just wanted to fight the bad guys. Yet, that fight changed my life. Usagi became my first friend since my parents died. She and her friends gave me the one thing I was lacking-family. Usagi replaced the wrath in my heart with love and hope. Slowly, the poison dissipated and I was saved.

#### 4. Minako-Fate

**\*\*Chapter 4-Minako and Fate\*\***

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><p>Once upon a time, I was a normal 13-year-old girl. I had a close relationship with my mom and my dad. Life was so mundane. Sure, there were the usual teen angst. Love, self-image, friendship. Then one day, a magical cat fell out of the sky and my regular life was over.<p>

His name was Artemis. A white cat with a crescent moon on his forehead. It was he that showed me my destiny, my fate. "Mina, you are the chosen girl," he said. So, I became the sailor-suited soldier

of justice, codename Sailor V. Regular teen girl by day, evil-fighting soldier by night. My life and duty were split into two.

I had given Artemis a lot of grief about this. I didn't want this. I didn't choose this. The other girls could have a normal life, so why couldn't I?

My double life began that day. I put a part of myself away from my parents and my friends. I continued to carry on my life as normal as possible. Then, my other life started to bleed through. Evil took root in my city and I had to protect these people. Even if it meant "abandoning" your friends during an attack, ran away just so you could transform and then come back and save them. They could never know why I was a "coward".

Sailor V became well-known instantly. I did well. Criminals were delivered to the police station regularly, wrapped up in a neat little red bow. I became the heroine of the city. That was the highlight of my year. All of my hard work were recognized and people looked up to me. All the sacrifices were worth it.

My relationship with my parents then started to break under the pressure of my double life. I came and went at odd hours, my already poor grades dropped even lower—it went so bad to a point where my parents threaten to throw me out if I didn't start behaving.

So in their eyes, I went to London because they kicked me out. It was just perfect timing and it saved me the trouble to lie why I had to go to London. Evil had gone worldwide, so I must follow.

By chance, I met someone important in London. I met Katarina when I was saving a child from a youma. She was a member of the Interpol. I had to transform in front of Katarina and the child in order to save them. So she knew who I was. For the first time in a year, I was able to be myself, completely. The two of us worked together in order to defeat the Dark Agency. Unfortunately, I stupidly fell in love with Alan. He and Katarina had been friends and he hanged out with us a lot. I allowed myself to think that I could fall in love like a regular girl.

One explosion in London led me to lose my two dear friends. I was the one inside the garage when the grenade was thrown at me. I barely escaped but Katarina thought I was dead. I watched as Alan and Katarina had an intimate moment. He was comforting her. So I turned and left. It was for the best.

Fate was a funny thing. It took away my normal life, my parents, my friends and my love. Then, on my most desperate, most lonely moment, fate offered me a gift. My memories of my past life. I was awakened, fully, as a Sailor senshi. I was Sailor Venus.

I had friends and allies to find. Other soldiers like me. Even though it was my fate to continue fighting, at least, I wouldn't fight alone again. I searched Tokyo and I waited patiently. Until one day, I found them—Even though the battles ahead were brutal, I had them. Even though there were deaths, I had them. Hand in hand, battle after battle, we protected the princess and the Earth.

Fate, were you a curse or a gift? At first, I couldn't tell. Then you

gave me her. She filled my life with hope and love. She and the others filled that gaping hole in my heart. So, in the end, I have to thank you, Fate.

End  
file.